That you haue ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe.
*Claud.* I thinke he thinkes vpon the ſauage bull:
Tuſh feare not man, weele tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at luſtie Ioue,
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
*Bene.* Bull Ioue ſir had an amiable lowe,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers cowe,
And got a calfe in that ſame noble feate,
Much like to you, for you haue iuſt his bleate.
*Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.*
*Claud.* For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
*Leo.* This ſame is ſhe, and I do giue you her.
*Claud.* Why then ſhees mine, ſweet, let me ſee your face.
*Leon.* No that you ſhall not till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry hir.
*Claud.* Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
*Hero* And when I liu'd I was your other wife;
And when you loued; you were my other husband.
*Claud.* Another Hero.
*Hero* Nothing certainer,
One Hero died defilde, but I do liue,
And ſurely as I liue, I am a maide.
*Prince* The former Hero, Hero that is dead.
*Leon.* She died my Lord, but whiles her ſlaunder liu'd.
*Frier* All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death,
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently.
*Ben.* Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?
*Beat.* I anſwer to that name, what is your will?
*Bene.* Do not you loue me?
*Beat.* Why no, no more then reaſon.

*Bene.*



*Bene.* Why then your vncle, and the prince and
Haue beene deceiued, they ſware you did.
*Beat.* Do not you loue me?
*Bene.* Troth no, no more then reaſon.
*Beat.* Why then my cozen Margaret and Vrſula
are much deceiu'd, for they did ſweare you did.
*Bene.* They ſware that you were almoſt ſicke for me.
*Beat.* They ſware that you were welnigh dead for me.
*Bene.* 'Tis no ſuch matter, then you do not loue me.
*Beat.* No truely, but in friendly recompence.
*Leon.* Come cozen I am ſure you loue the gentle-
*Clau.* And Ile be ſworne vpon't that he loues her.
For here's a paper written in his hand,
a hatching ſonnet of his owne pure braine,
Faſhioned to Beatrice.
*Hero.* And here's another,
writ in my cozins hand, ſtolne from her pocket,
containing her affection vnto Benedicke.
*Bene.* A miracle, heres our owne hands againſt o
come, I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee
*Beat.* I would not deny you, but by this good day,
vpon great perſuaſion, and partly to ſaue your life,
told you were in a conſumption.
*Leon.* Peace I will ſtop your mouth.
*Prince.* How doſt thou Benedicke the married man
*Bene.* Ile tell thee what prince: a colledge of witte
cannot flout me out of my humour, doſt thou think
a Satyre or an Epigramme? no, if a man will be bea
braines, a ſhall weare nothing handſome about him
ſince I doe purpoſe to marrie, I will think nothing t
poſe that the world can ſaie againſt it, and therefore
at me, for what I haue ſaid againſt it: for man is a gi
and this is my concluſion: for thy part Claudio, I did
to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be m
liue vnbeaten, and loue my cozen.
*Clau.* I had well hopte thou wouldſt haue denied
that I might haue cudgelled thee out of thy ſingle l